ALL-NEW ARC: UNSPEAKABLE REBEL SUPERWEAPON STARTS HERE!

UNSPEAKABLE REBEL SUPERWEAPON

Part I

Rogue archaeologist Doctor Aphra has made a name for herself in all the wrong places as a thief, swindler and obtainer of ancient artifacts--the deadlier and more valuable, the better.

But she's also made quite a few enemies. The Rebellion. The Empire. Bounty hunters, murder droids, psychotic doctors and Force-powered sentient fungus to name a few.

Though Aphra always manages to devise a scheme (upon scheme, upon scheme) that narrowly saves her skin, her antics have slapped a target on her back as big as the Death Star. . . .

SIMON SPURRIER
Writer

WILTON SANTOS & CASPAR WIJNGAARD
Artists

MARC DEERING & DON HO
Inkers

CHRIS O'HALLORAN & STÉPHANE PAITREAU
Colorists

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA
Letterer

ASHLEY WITTER
Cover Artist

STEPHANIE HANS
Greatest Moments Variant Cover Artist

TOM GRONEMAN
Assistant Editor

MARK PANICCIA
Editor

C.B. CEBULSKI
Editor In Chief

JOE QUESADA
Chief Creative Officer

DAN BUCKLEY
President

Very Special Thanks — KIERON GILLEN

For Lucasfilm:
Assistant Editor BEATRICE KILAT
Senior Editor ROBERT SIMPSON
Creative Director MICHAEL SIGLAIN
Lucasfilm Story Group JAMES WAUGH, LELAND CHEE, MATT MARTIN
Lucasfilm Art Department PHIL SZOSTAK

STAR WARS and related text and illustrations are trademarks and/or copyrights, in the United States and other countries, of Lucasfilm Ltd. and/or its affiliates. © & TM Lucasfilm Ltd. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel and its logos are TM Marvel Characters, Inc. WWW.MARVEL.COM

Twenty Years Ago...

OH MY.

"THE CRIMES OF JEDI RENEGADE OO'OB THE APOSTATE"!

IT'S REAL, LITTLE BOOP! IT'S REALLY REAL!

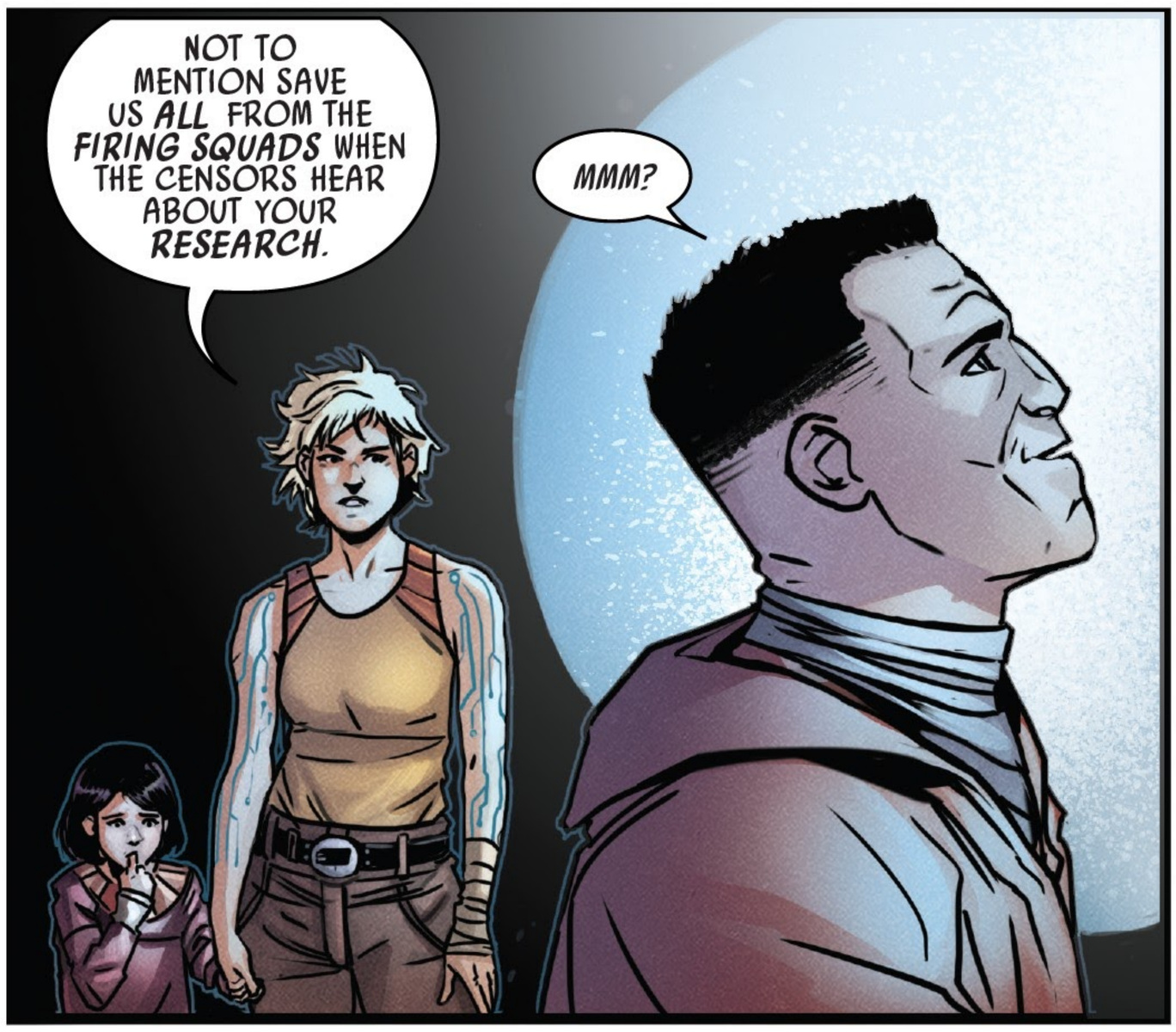
NO WONDER THE IMPERIALS MARKED THEM FOR THE COMPACTOR! OH, THANK THE FORCE FOR BRIBABLE LIBRARIANS!
OOOH-- SHINY...

THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE HYPERJUMP MY RESEARCH HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!
OW!

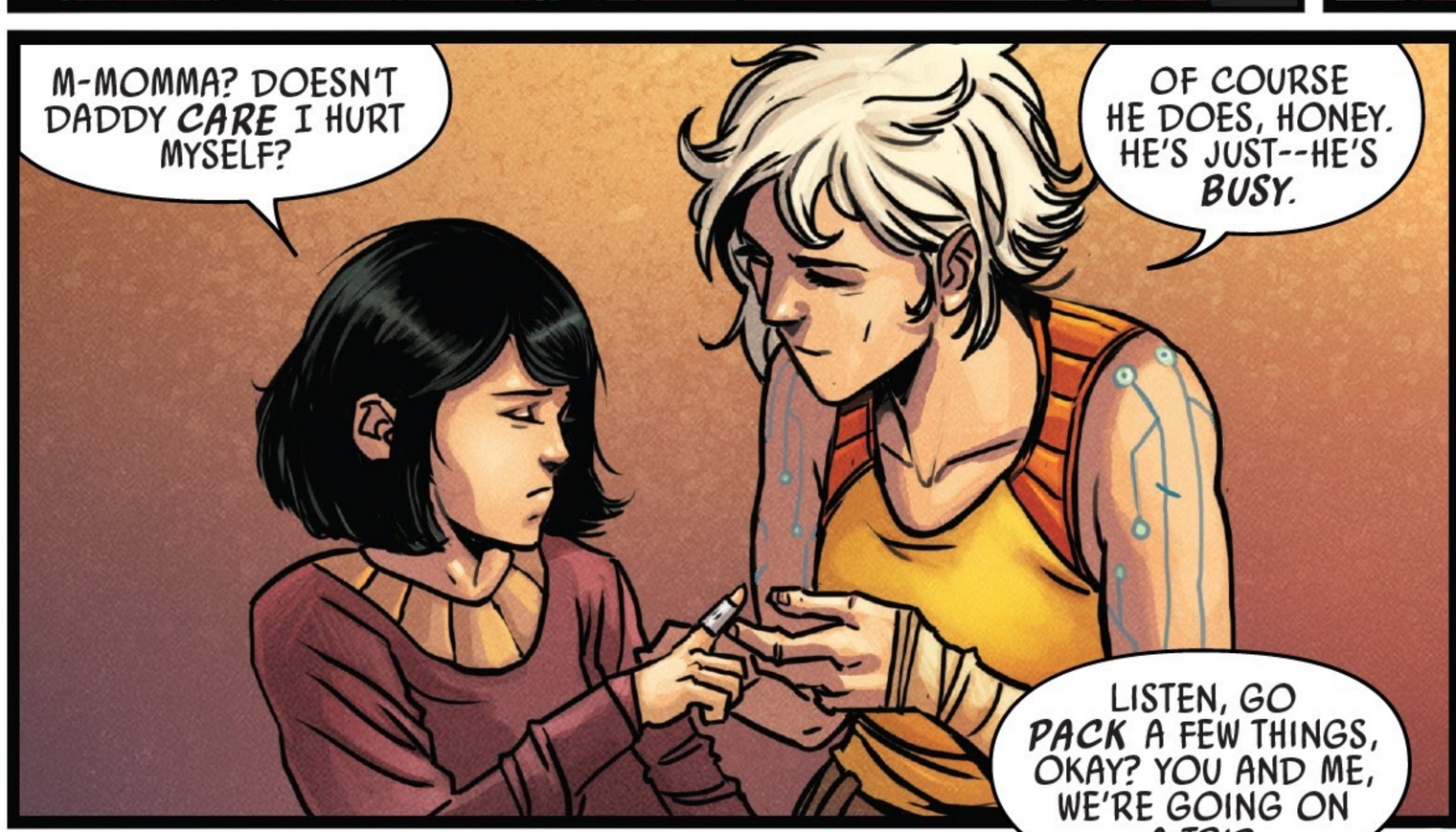
LITTLE BOOP? WHAT'S WRONG?
I--I HURTED MYSELF, MOMMA.

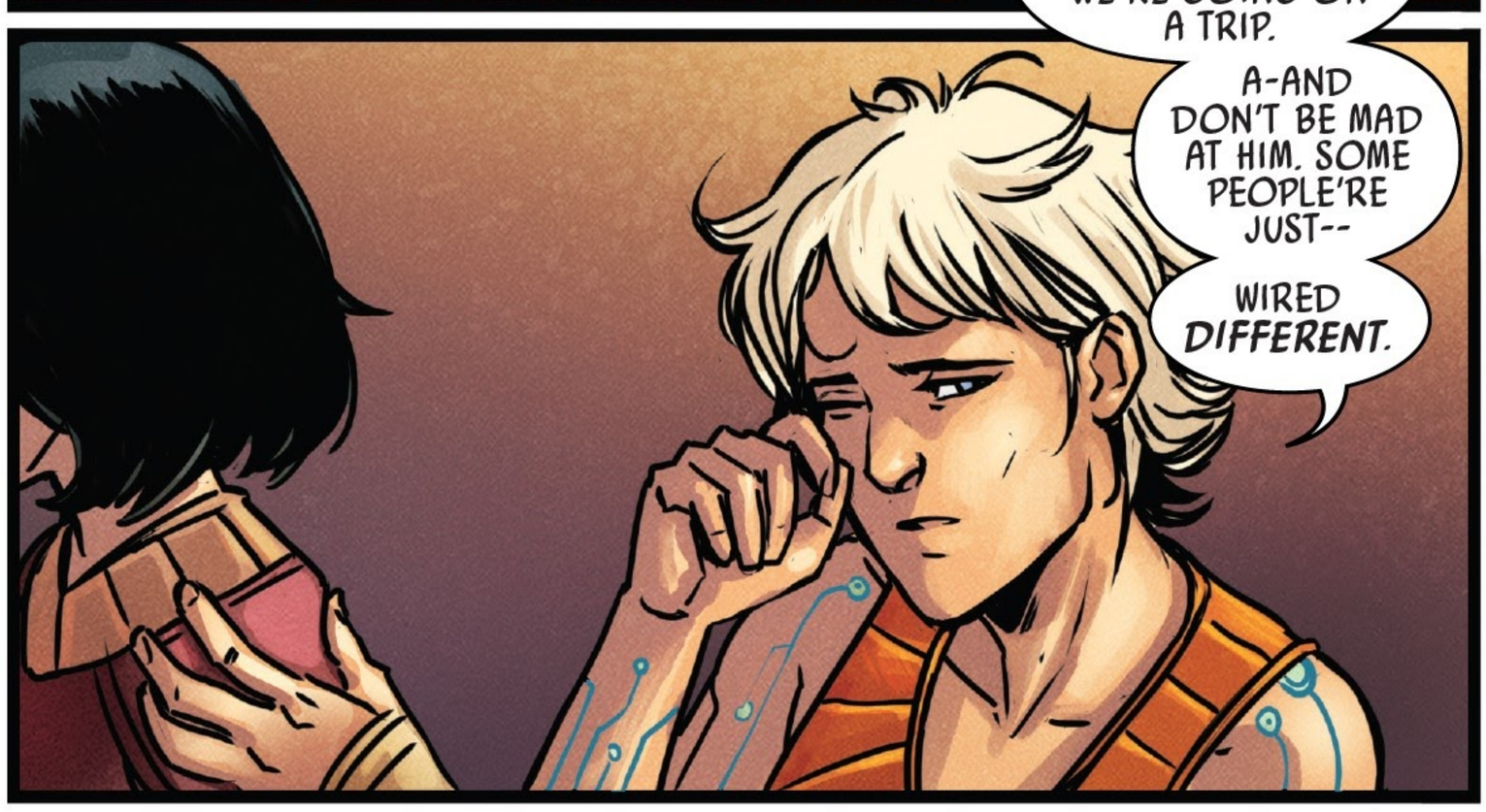
KORIN!
MM?
CHELLI CUT HERSELF! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING HER!

BUT--BUT, LONA, LOOK! THESE RECORDS--
I COULD FIND THE LOST CITADEL OF GARN! RESTORE THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDU ASPECTU! THEY COULD BRING LIGHT TO THIS DARK GALAXY!
UH-HUH. I BET THEY'LL HELP US PAY THE IMPERIAL PEACE TAX AND STOP THE TOOKA FROM CRAPPING ON THE CARPET TOO.


NOT TO MENTION SAVE US ALL FROM THE FIRING SQUADS WHEN THE CENSORS HEAR ABOUT YOUR RESEARCH.
MMM?

HHH. NOTHING.


M-MOMMA? DOESN'T DADDY CARE I HURT MYSELF?
OF COURSE HE DOES, HONEY. HE'S JUST--HE'S BUSY.
LISTEN, GO PACK A FEW THINGS, OKAY? YOU AND ME, WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP.


A-AND DON'T BE MAD AT HIM. SOME PEOPLE'RE JUST--
WIRED DIFFERENT.

OBSESSIVES, IDEALISTS. THEY THINK THINGS ARE SIMPLE WHEN THEY'RE NOT. IF THEY DON'T BRING DOWN TROUBLE ON THEMSELVES, THEY BRING IT DOWN ON EVERYONE ELSE.
BUT--YOU CAN'T HATE THEM FOR IT, SWEETIE. SOME OF THEM YOU MIGHT EVEN LOVE.

THEY JUST CAN'T STOP THEMSELVES.

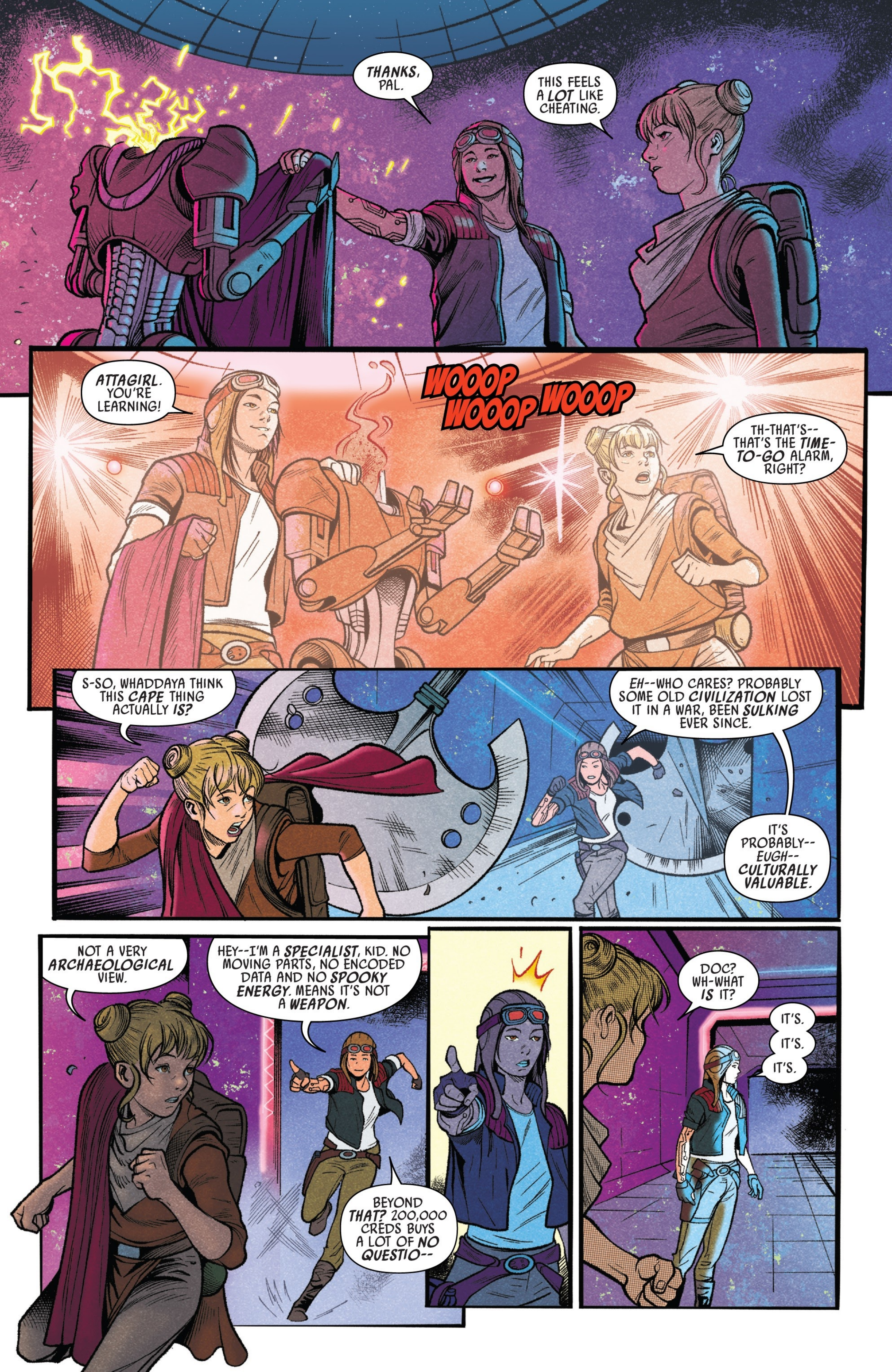
Now.
APHRA, YOU COMPLETE MANIAC! I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A TERRIBLE IDEA!
"YOU JUST CAN'T STOP YOURSELF!"
Slinani Migration Shrine: "Red Mist." Outer Rim.

BOOOOOM
DON'T START, VULAADA. AND, UH--MIND THE ELECTROGYRES. THEY BITE.
WHY COULDN'T WE JUST KEEP LYING LOW? Y-Y-YOU GOT SHOT ON MILVAYNE! YOU NEARLY DIED!
WHAT ARE YOU BLATHERING ABOUT? WE DID LIE LOW!
FOR BARELY TWO MONTHS! A-AND YOU SPENT MOST OF THAT SNEAKING OFF TO SPACER BARS WITHOUT ME!
LISTEN, TINY BRAT, YOU DON'T GET TO COMPLAIN. I TOOK YOU ON AS TRAINEE MINION OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART, BUT--
I STOWED AWAY! I THREATENED TO SELF-DESTRUCT YOUR SHIP!
PEW!
PEW!
THE GOODNESS.
OF.
MY HEART.
AND IF I'M GONNA KEEP BUYING CANDY AND MILK AND--AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU STUPID KIDS NEED--THEN WE GOTTA HAVE CREDITS.
YOUR SHIP HAS FIVE YEARS' WORTH OF FROZEN RATIONS.
KLNK
VVVB
HMPH. FINE.

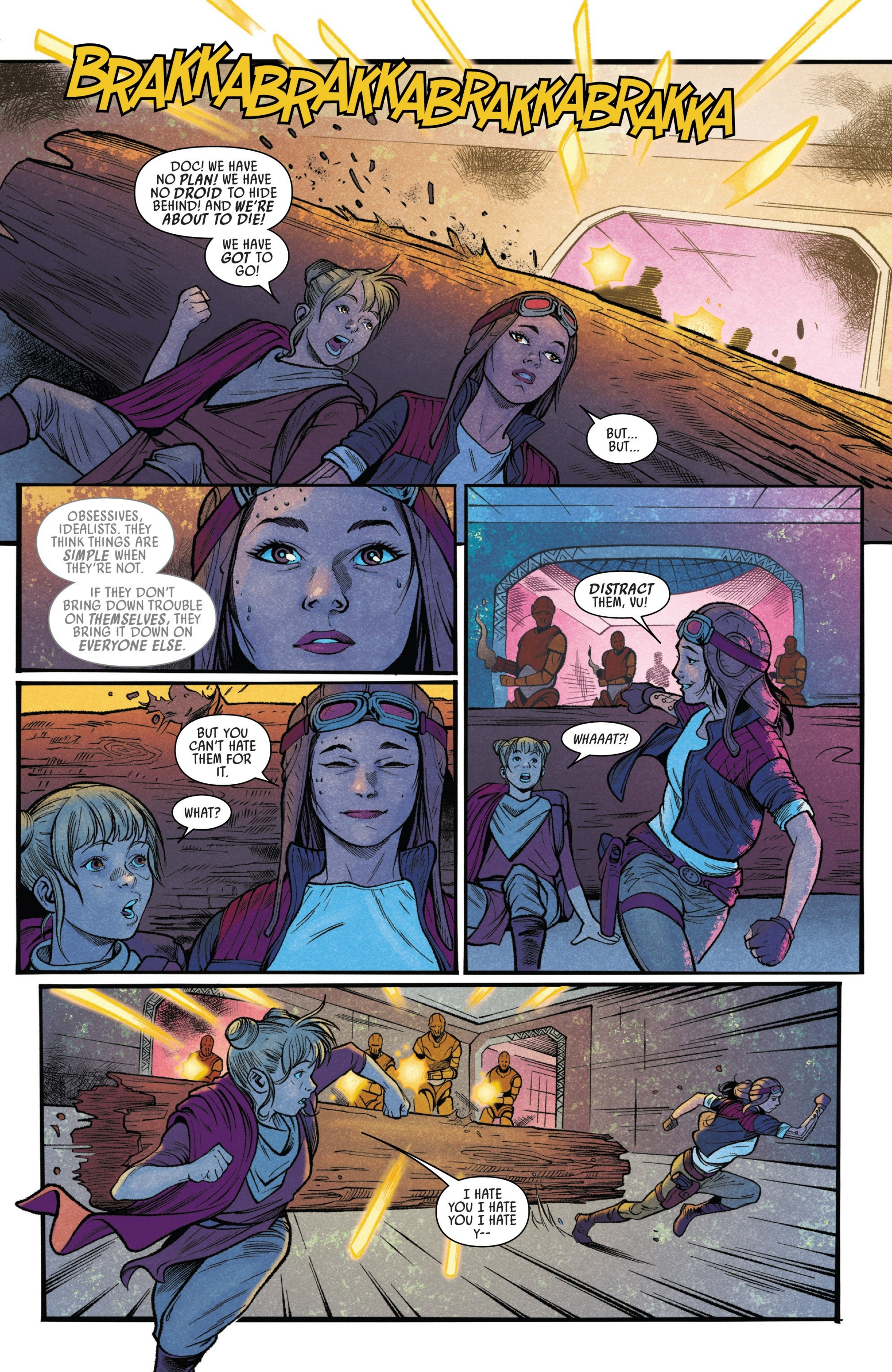
LYING LOW IS BORING.
SERVICE DUCT ON THE LEFT! GET DOWN AND CRAWL.
PEW!
PEW!
PEW!
PEW!
THIS IS INSANE!
NUH-UH--THIS IS A SLOW DAY AT THE OFFICE, VU. HAND ME THE SLICING KIT AND TRY NOT TO GET BLASTED.
B-B-BUT WHAT SORT OF LUNATIC KEEPS THEIR TREASURES IN A DEATH ZONE?!
SEE FOR YOURSELF.
--S YOU MAY KNOW, THE SLINANI ARE A RELIGIOUS WARRIOR CLAN. THEY CHOOSE SIDES ACCORDING TO THE WHIMS OF THEIR HIEROPHANT.
THEIR BATTLE TROPHIES ARE STORED IN ROAMING TEMPLES WHERE ONLY THEIR MOST CAPABLE DEVOTEES CAN SURVIVE TO PRAY.
TH-THAT'S THE BUYER?
MM-HMM. LEFT THIS RECORDING AT ONE OF THOSE SPACER BARS I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE AT.
MADAM DOCTOR, I REQUIRE THAT YOU STEAL A PARTICULAR ARTIFACT FROM ONE SUCH TEMPLE. DETAILS ARE APPENDED.
HOW DID SHE EVEN KNOW YOU'RE ALIVE? YOU'VE FAKE DIED, LIKE, A BILLION TIMES! YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THIS WOMAN!
I KNOW ENOUGH, KID.

FOR THIS TASK I WILL PAY YOU 200,000 CREDITS.
T-T-TWO H-H-HUN...?
THE HOLO CAME WITH A TEN KAY DOWN PAYMENT--JUST FOR EXPENSES. OUR MYSTERY MATRON'S THE REAL DEAL.
WELL...WELL, I SUPPOSE--200,000? HRM. I SUPPOSE THAT'S WORTH FACING DOWN A FEW RUSTY OLD JANITOR DROIDS.
YYYYEAH. OR.
TAKKATAKKATAKK
BLIP
NEW INSTRUCTION RECEIVED.
DAKKA
DAKKA DAKKA

WELCOME, PILGRIMS. I HAVE BEEN DIVINELY APPOINTED TO ESCORT YOU TO YOUR SACRED GOAL.
KL KL KL
THERE'S ALWAYS A SMARTER WAY, VU.
ZZT
BZZZK
ZZT
KLANK KLANK KLANK
♪
♪
TOOOOT
TOOOOT
I GUESS THAT'S IT, HUH?
LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF GRAVITY TRAP. MAYBE IF WE RIG AN ION GRID WE COULD DISRUPT IT JUST LONG ENOUGH TO--
FETCH.
ZRA-
KOW

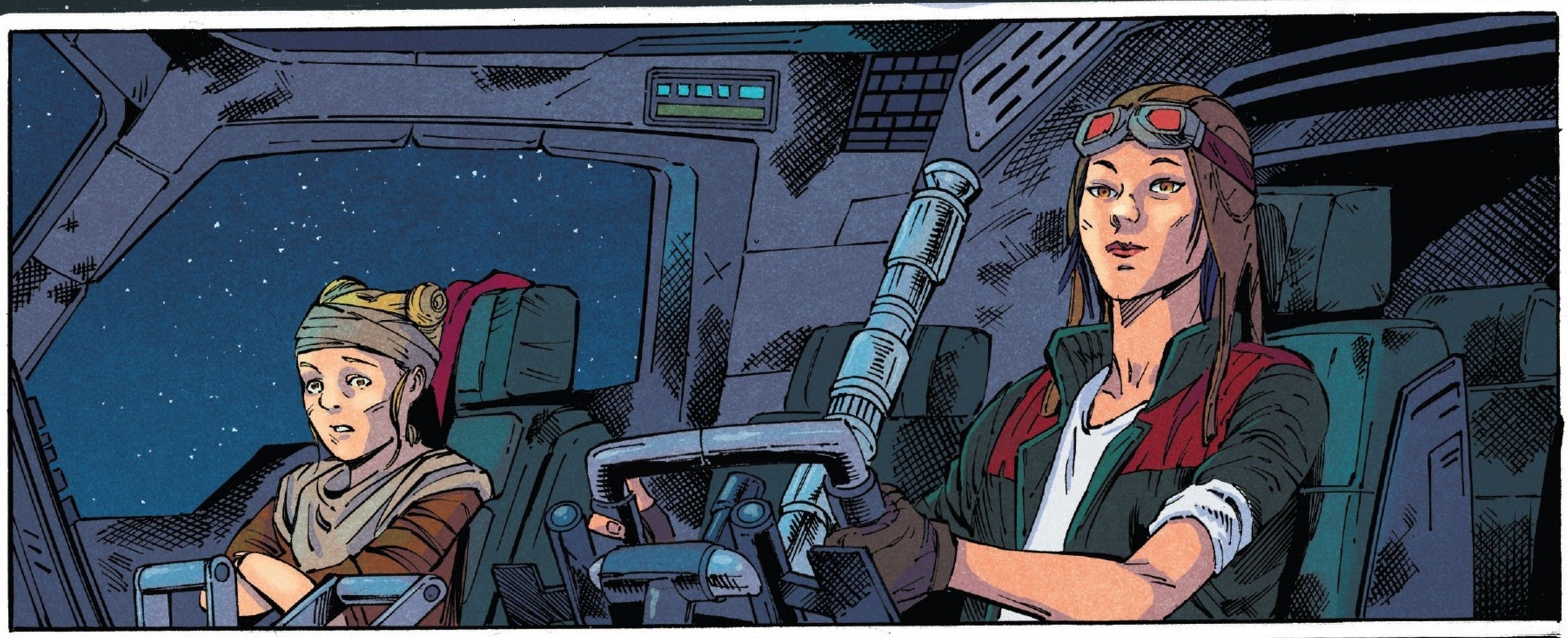

THANKS, PAL.
THIS FEELS A LOT LIKE CHEATING.
ATTAGIRL. YOU'RE LEARNING!
WOOOP WOOOP WOOOP
TH-THAT'S-- THAT'S THE TIME-TO-GO ALARM, RIGHT?
S-SO, WHADDAYA THINK THIS CAPE THING ACTUALLY IS?
EH--WHO CARES? PROBABLY SOME OLD CIVILIZATION LOST IT IN A WAR, BEEN SULKING EVER SINCE.
IT'S PROBABLY-- EUGH-- CULTURALLY VALUABLE.
NOT A VERY ARCHAEOLOGICAL VIEW.
HEY--I'M A SPECIALIST, KID. NO MOVING PARTS, NO ENCODED DATA AND NO SPOOKY ENERGY. MEANS IT'S NOT A WEAPON.
BEYOND THAT? 200,000 CREDS BUYS A LOT OF NO QUESTIO--
DOC? WH-WHAT IS IT?
IT'S. IT'S. IT'S.

IT'S THE FARKILLER OF OO'OB THE APOSTATE.
THE...WHAT NOW?
I-IT'S A MAGNIFICATION ATTENUATOR. TOTALLY UNIQUE. LIGHSTABER TECH USED IN A SNIPER RIFLE.
I--I MEAN, THAT'S FASCINATING, BUT--
NOBODY EVEN KNOWS HOW IT WORKED! OO'OB COULD TAKE OUT TARGETS FROM A HUNDRED KLICKS AWAY. H-HE WAS EXCOMMUNICATED FOR IT!
SURE, SURE, AND I GET IT--YOU'RE A WEAPONS SPECIALIST! BUT, APHRA--I-IT'S ALL THE WAY UP THERE, AND--
IT'S WORTH MILLIONS.
OH-- ALSO? GET DOWN.
NOW.


BRAKKABRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA
DOC! WE HAVE NO PLAN! WE HAVE NO DROID TO HIDE BEHIND! AND WE'RE ABOUT TO DIE!
WE HAVE GOT TO GO!
BUT... BUT...
OBSESSIVES, IDEALISTS. THEY THINK THINGS ARE SIMPLE WHEN THEY'RE NOT.
IF THEY DON'T BRING DOWN TROUBLE ON THEMSELVES, THEY BRING IT DOWN ON EVERYONE ELSE.
DISTRACT THEM, VU!
WHAAAT?!
BUT YOU CAN'T HATE THEM FOR IT.
WHAT?
I HATE YOU I HATE YOU I HATE Y--

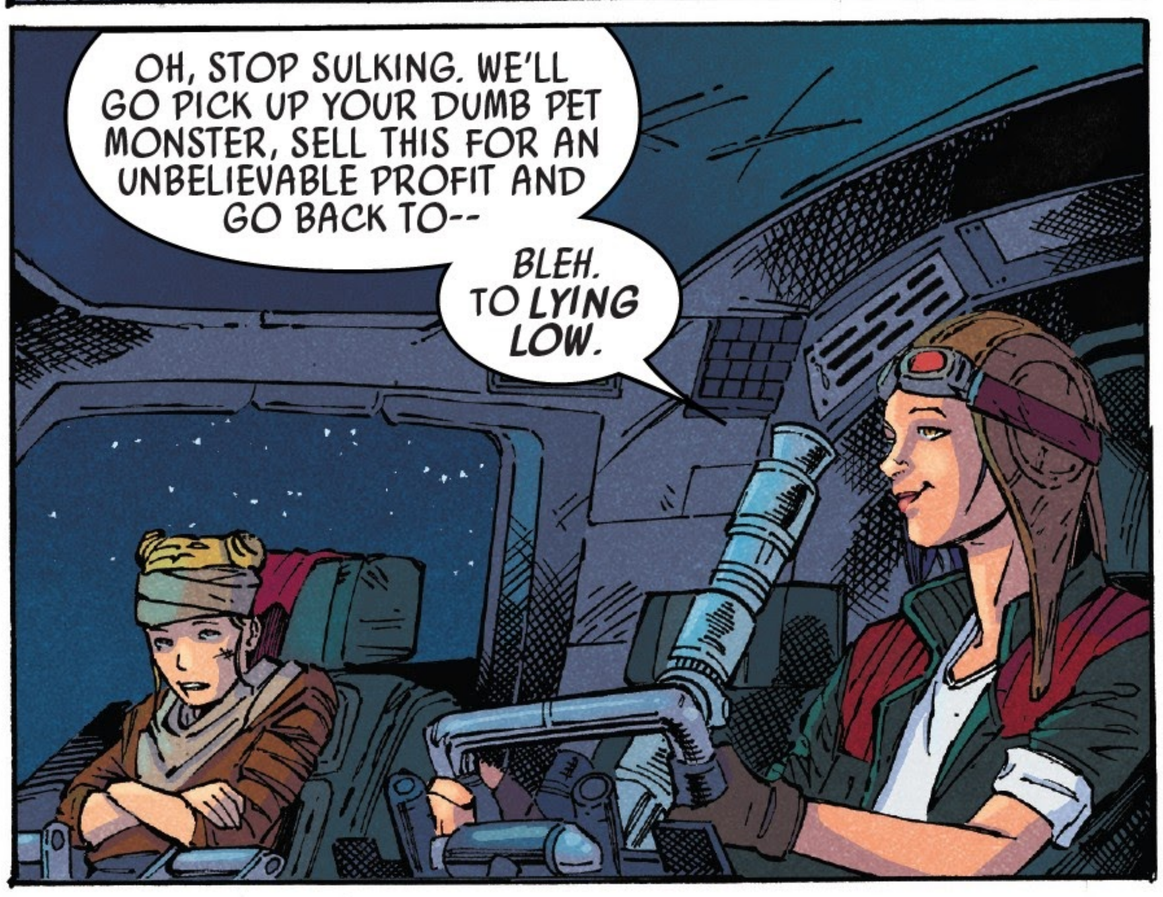
Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

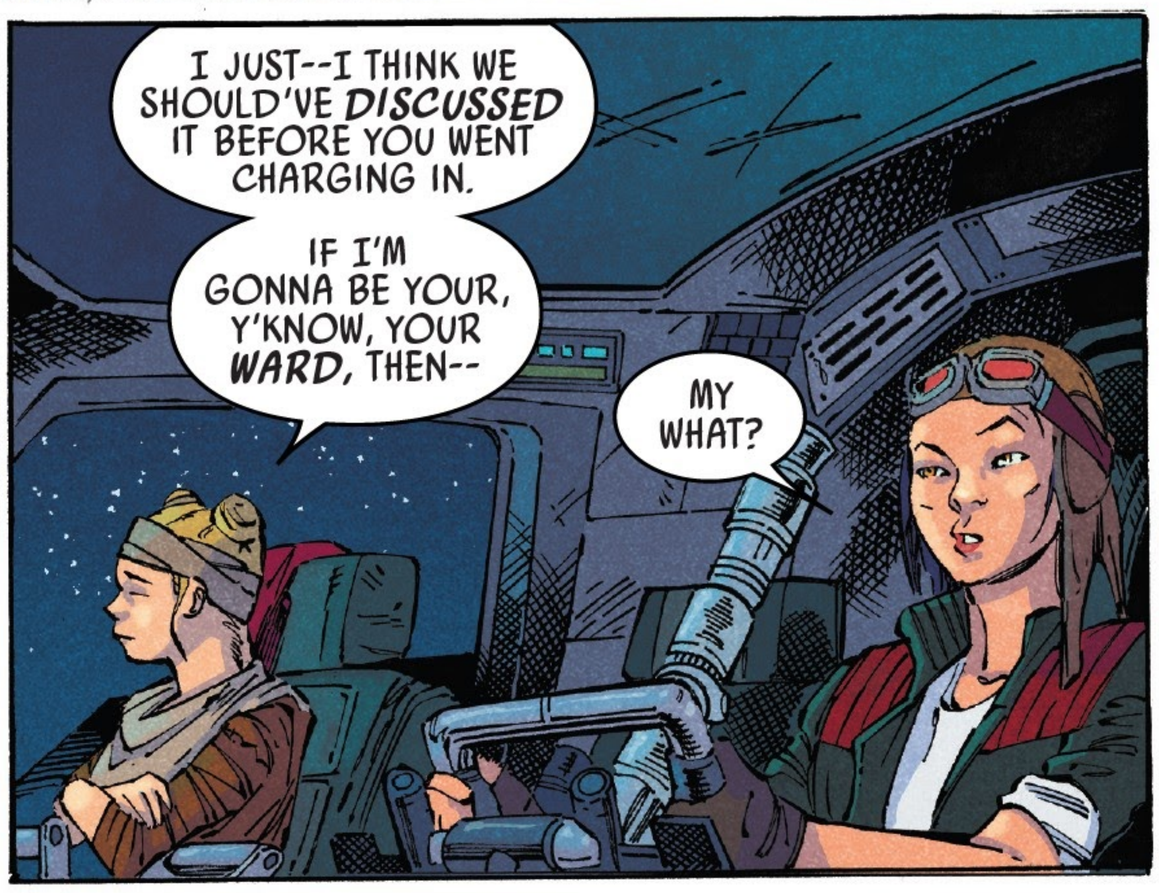
The Ark Angel.
Now.



I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU DID THAT.
AHH, IT ALL WORKED OUT.

WE NEARLY DIED!
THAT'S NONSENSE.
YOU NEARLY DIED.


OH, STOP SULKING. WE'LL GO PICK UP YOUR DUMB PET MONSTER, SELL THIS FOR AN UNBELIEVABLE PROFIT AND GO BACK TO--
BLEH. TO LYING LOW.

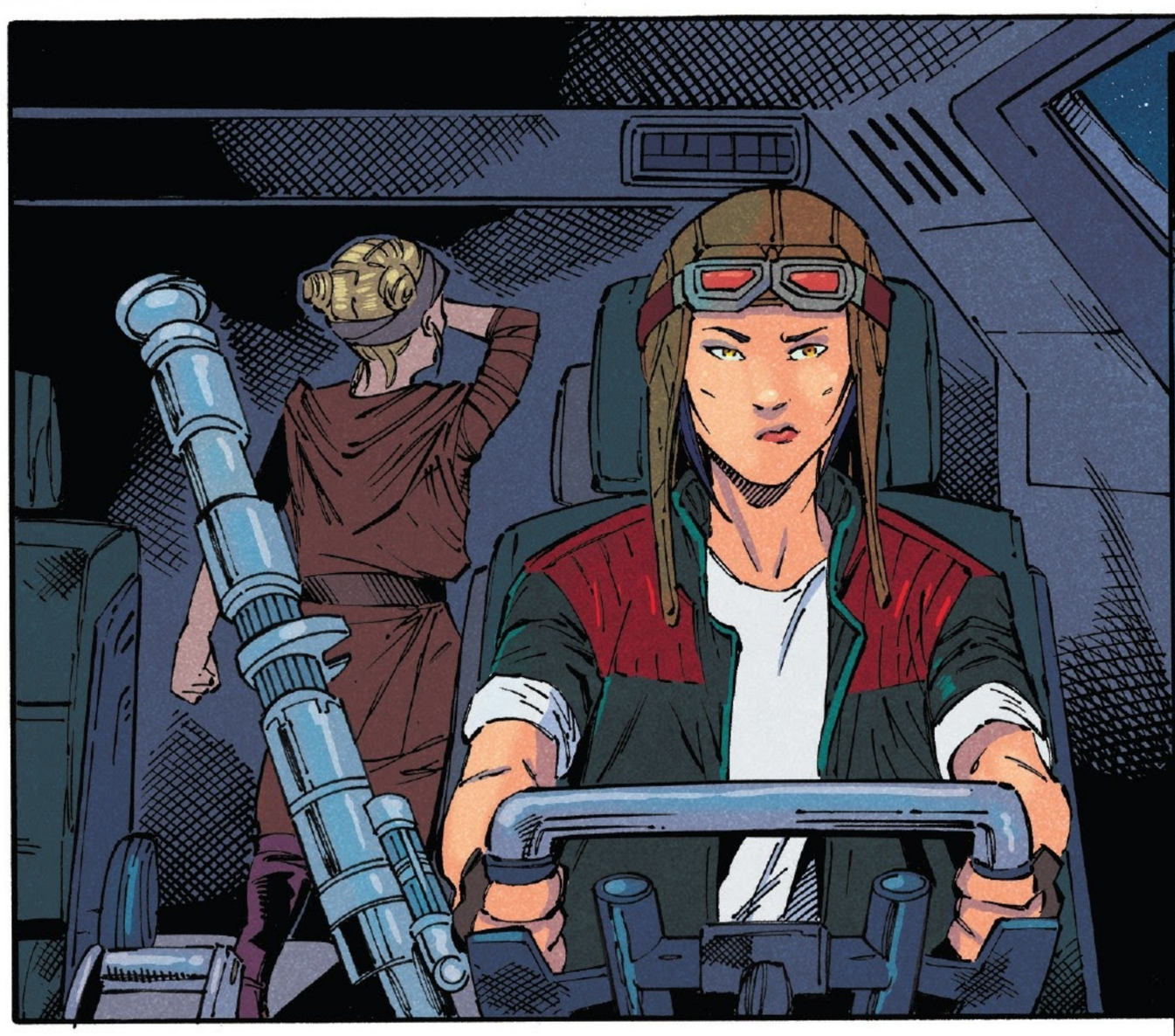

I JUST--I THINK WE SHOULD'VE DISCUSSED IT BEFORE YOU WENT CHARGING IN.
IF I'M GONNA BE YOUR, Y'KNOW, YOUR WARD, THEN--
MY WHAT?

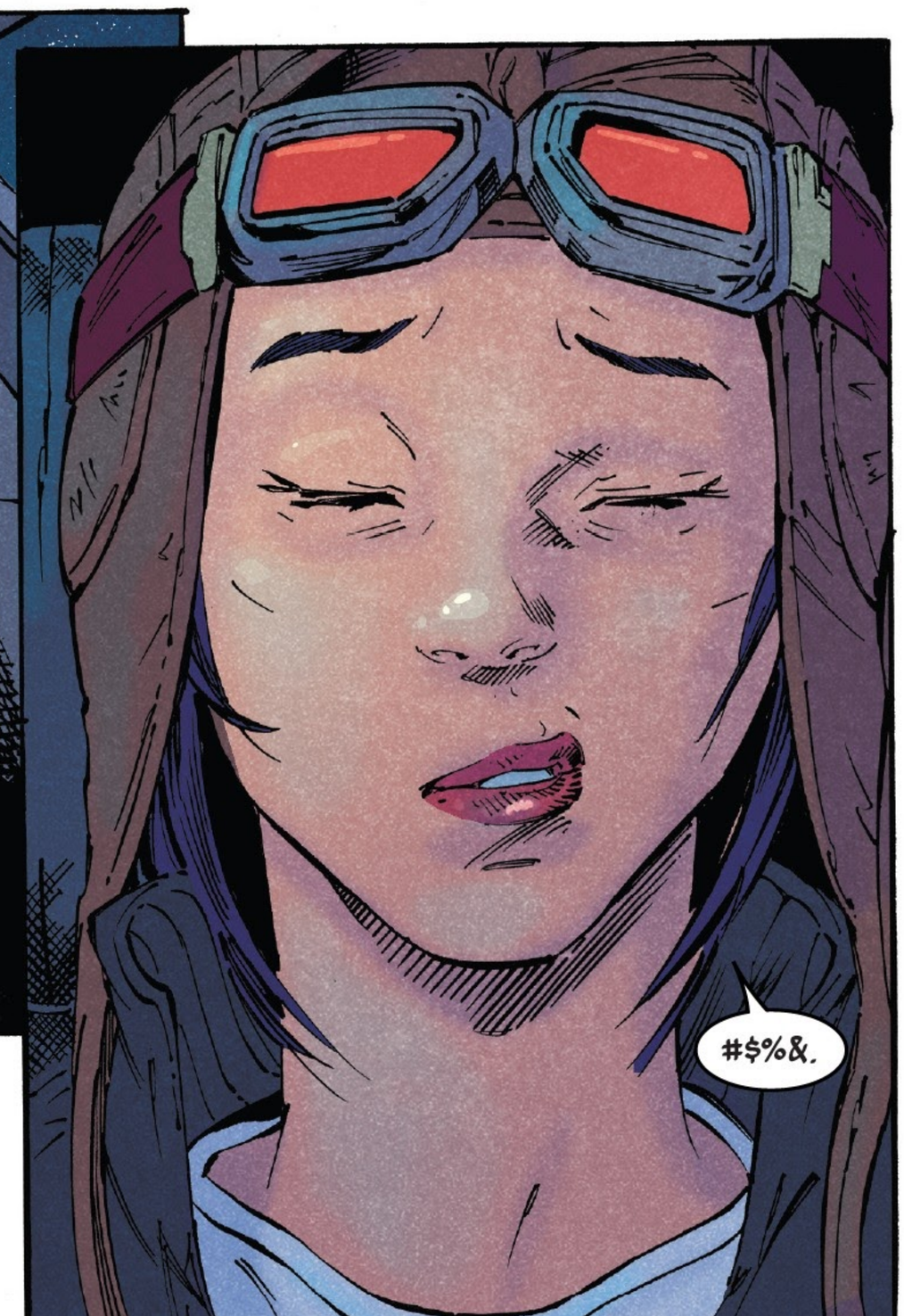
YOUR WARD. LIKE A--A SORT OF-- I GUESS--AN ADOPTED DAU--
HEY.

YOU GET THIS IN YOUR SKULL RIGHT NOW, VULAADA--IT'LL KEEP YOU ALIVE!
YOU LEARN AND YOU EARN AND YOU NEVER, EVER, EVER COUNT ON ANYONE TO HAVE YOUR BACK. LEAST OF ALL ME.

I AM NOT YOUR DAMN MOM.

AND TEARS ARE JUST A BIG FLASHING SIGN SAYING "WEAK."




#$%&.

Arbiflux.
The (Outer) Outer Rim.

OWWWWWWW! IT *BIT* ME!

TRY *AGAIN.*

Eighteen Years Ago.

WHY *BOTHER?* I'VE BEEN TRYING FOR *TWO YEARS*, MOM! I CAN'T *PRIME* THE STUPID *CHATTERPLANTS!* THEY HATE *ME*, AND I HATE *THEM!*

THEN WE'LL HAVE NO *ALARMS*. YOUR *NUNAS* WILL BE VULNERABLE TO PREDATORS, LITTLE BOOP.

I TOLD YOU TO STOP *CALLING* ME THAT! IF YOU LOVE THE DUMB *FART BIRDS* SO MUCH, *YOU* SET THE ALARMS. I JUST KEEP SCREWING UP.

IT'S *IMPORTANT* TO MAKE MISTAKES, HONEY--

"--BUT IT'S *SMART* TO KNOW YOU'RE *MAKING THEM*."

WHAT'S THE POINT BEING *SMART* ON A *DUNGBALL* LIKE THIS? I COULD BE DOING SOMETHING *IMPORTANT* OUT THERE, MOM!

THERE'S *WORSE* THAN *DUNG* OUT THERE, SWEETIE. AND BEING *IMPORTANT'S* JUST ANOTHER LETHAL *ADDICTION*.

NNNGRRRA! I *HATE* YOUR STUPID *PEARLS OF WISDOM!* I HATE IT *HERE!*

I HATE HOW *SAFE* AND *PREDICTABLE* IT IS, AND I HATE *YOU* FOR BRINGING M--

TZOT TZOT

MOM?

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

Abandoned Spice Mine, Unox.
Now.
HEY.
HEY.
SO I, UH. I SLICED THE OLD COMMS RIG. PUT THE ARTIFACT ON THE SHADOW MARKET.
MM.
=SIGH= YOU DIDN'T MESS THINGS UP, KID. YOU DID GREAT. IT'S JUST...
LOOK, THERE'S A TEENSY POSSIBILITY I HAVE SOME UNRESOLVED MATERNAL ISSUES.
DID GURTYL FORGIVE YOU YET FOR LEAVING HER BEHIND?
IT WAS THE RIGHT CALL. SHE'S CLUMSY. SHE WOULDA MESSED THINGS UP WORSE THAN ME.
I'M, UH. I'M SORRY.
OKAY?
VULAADA?

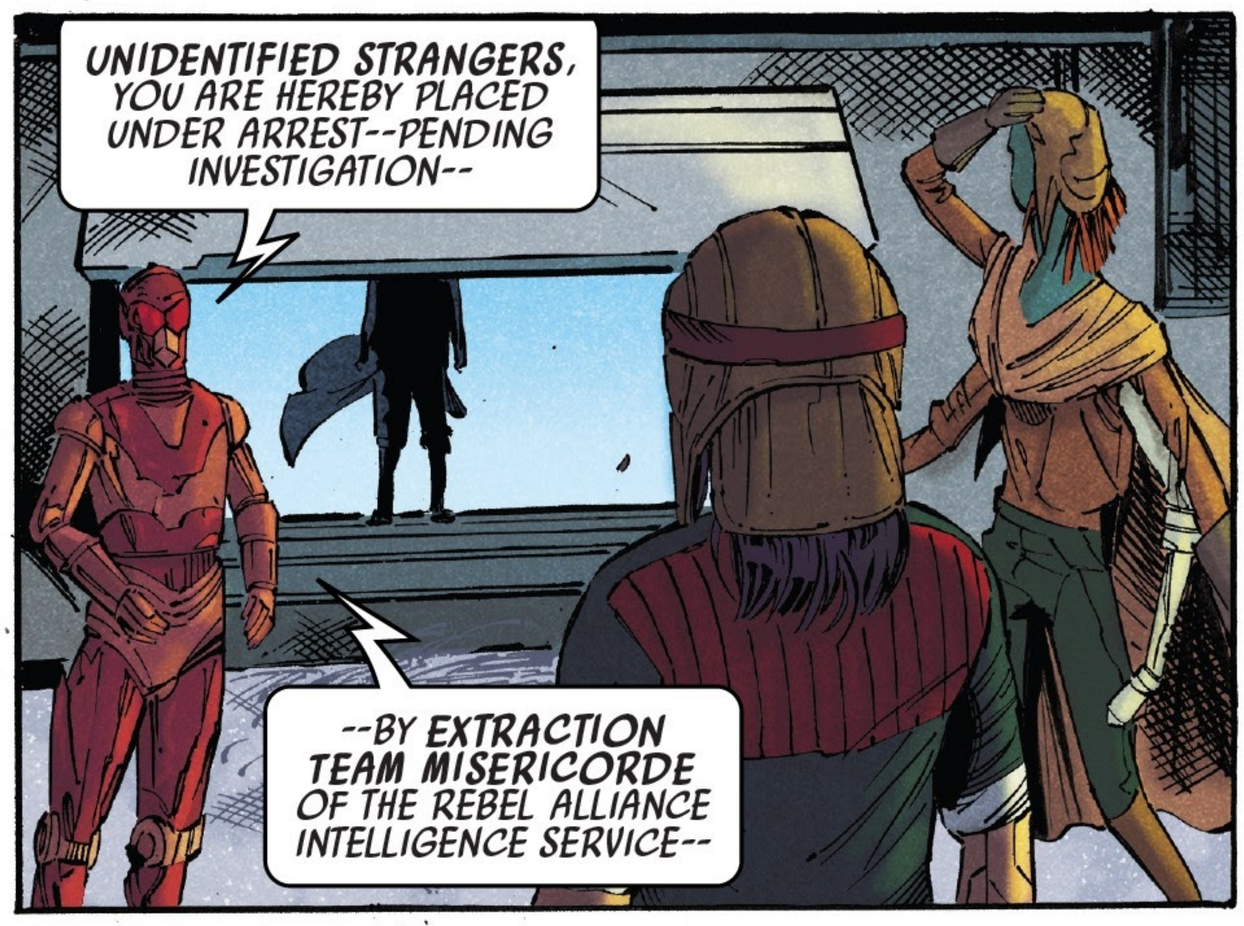
R--
R--
REBELS.
GO. GO, GO, GO.
GET TO THE SHIP. DON'T LOOK BACK.
WE--WE MUST'VE PICKED UP A TRACKER, OR, OR--
HAND OVER THE JEDI RELIC, THIEF!
TZO

WAIT.
I KNOW THAT VOICE.

APHRA?
SISTER SIX!

VULAADA, COME MEET MY FAVORITE DEATH-WORSHIPING GUNSLINGER! AND DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MO--
NO.

OH NO, NO, NO.
THE BOSS THINKS YOU'RE DEAD. THIS IS-- THIS IS BAD. THIS IS BAD.
WHAT BOSS? WHO'RE YOU TALKING AB--


UNIDENTIFIED STRANGERS, YOU ARE HEREBY PLACED UNDER ARREST--PENDING INVESTIGATION--
--BY EXTRACTION TEAM MISERICORDE OF THE REBEL ALLIANCE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE--

STAN'S SOAPBOX
JULY 1968

MARVEL BULLPEN BULLETINS • MARVEL BULLPEN BULLETINS • MARVEL BULLPEN BULLETINS

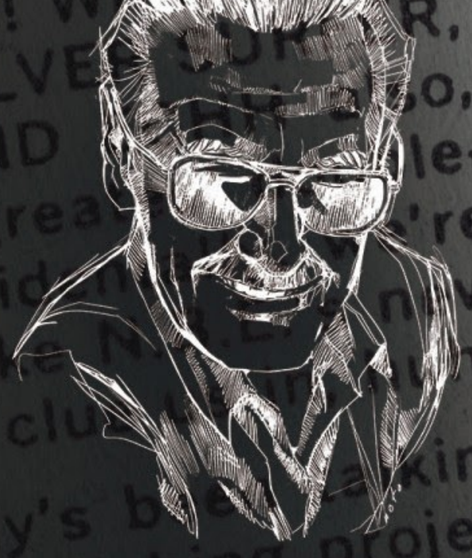
WORLD! MARVEL'S

STAN'S SOAPBOX!

We sometimes receive letters accusing us of publishing too many different titles. A number of fans have said it's too expensive trying to buy all our mags, and they ask us not to be so greedy, and to publish less of 'em. So, we thought you might like to hear OUR side of it. The only reason we constantly add new titles is because YOU ask for them. Thousands upon thousands of your letters demanded that we give Cap, Shell-Head, Namor, and all the others their own magazines. In fact, remember when we tried to discontinue the Hulk some years ago? Your unceasing outcry forced us to bring him back, despite the fact that it imposed a tremendous strain upon our already overworked staff. And each time we try to publish fewer 25¢ summer Specials, you swamp us with letters demanding more than ever. Personally, we'd be happy to let up a bit. Many of us, including yours truly, haven't had a vacation in years! But, our policy was, is, and always will be to give Marveldom what it asks for, and judging by our ever-skyrocketing sales, we're not far from the mark. That's the lowdown, loyal one. We don't want you to spend all your bread on our mags, honest. But, so long as the dramatic demand for them continues, we can't turn a deaf ear. Anyway, remember this: no matter how many stories we create each month, our credo will always be the same — Nil Nisi Optimus — nothing but the best!

Excelsior!

—Smiley



STAN LEE
FOREVER

--CAPTAIN MAGNA TOLVAN PRESIDING.
...APHRA?
To Be Continued...

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline